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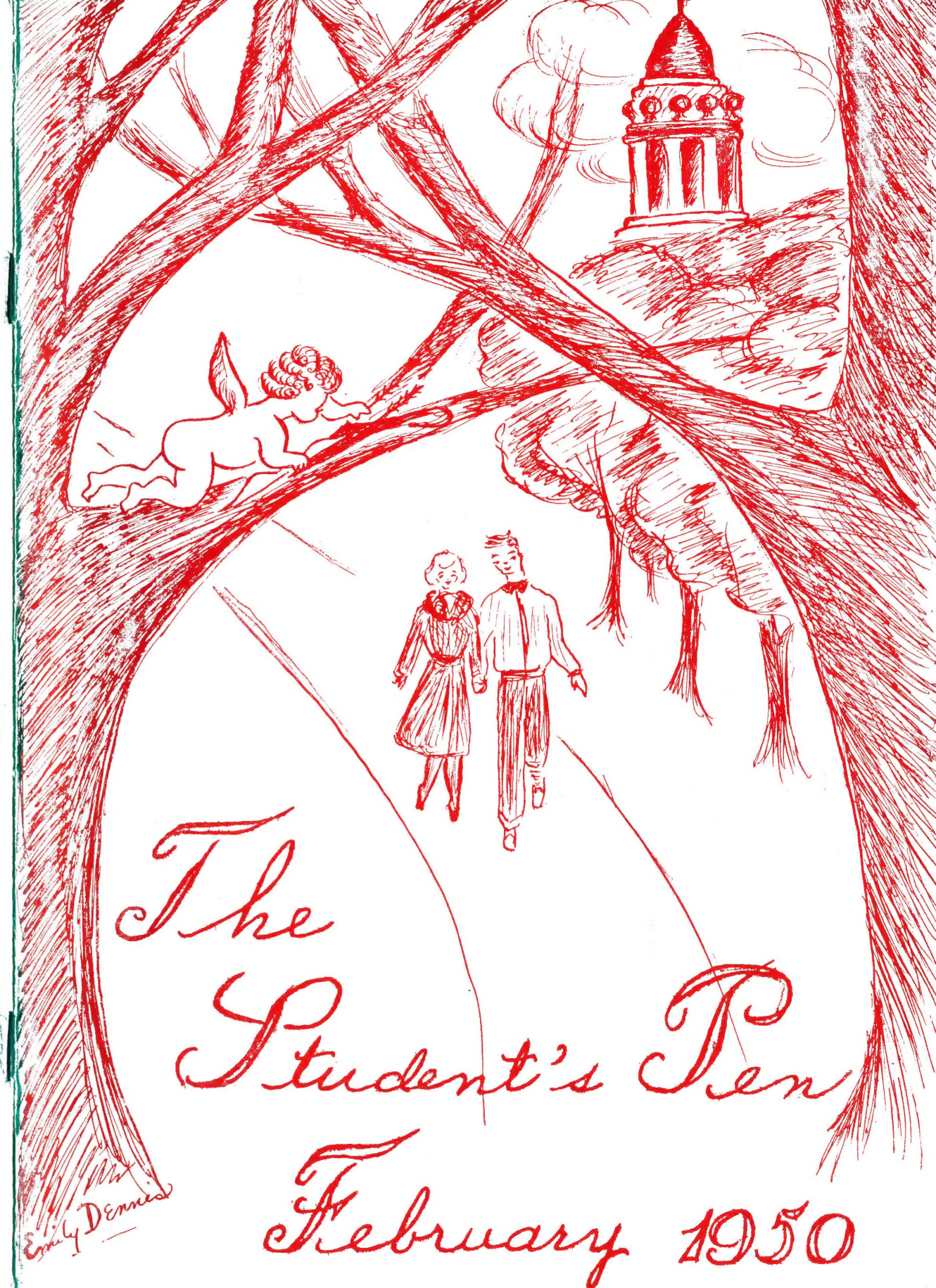
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



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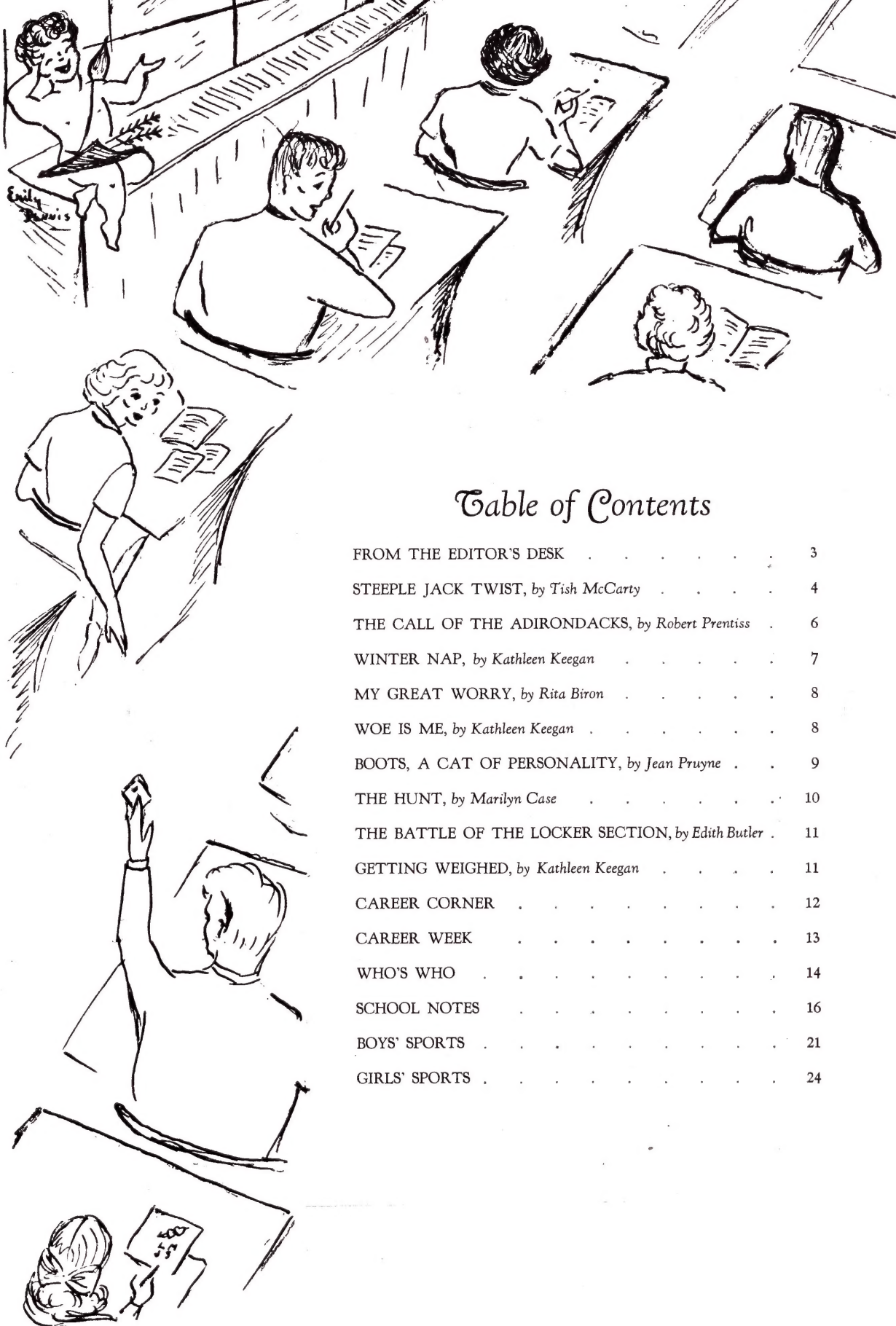


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From the EDITOR'S DESK

The Next Fifty Years Are Ours

By Faith Whiting

LAST month the world entered the final year of another half century—a half century which historians mark as a mere tick of the clock. Well, if it has been just a tick of the clock, it has certainly been an exciting and unusual one. This half century has wrought changes more stupendous than human beings have ever before witnessed in a similar period of time. In these forty-nine years occurred two of the world's greatest and most horrible wars, and a serious depression. There has been a tremendous burst of human accomplishment, bringing forth such things as the automobile, the radio, and the airplane. One could make a brief history by jotting down such words as television, radar, pencillin, and jet-propulsion,—all of which were unheard of in 1900.

However, we should be more concerned with the next fifty years—for they are ours. Somewhere in this nation is a teen-ager, a high school student, who will one day be President of the United States. His school-mates will be the congressmen, governors, and judges who will help to make up our government.

How can we ever be fit to undertake the responsibility which lies ahead for every one of us unless we have a sound high school education?

Another backward glance shows that in 1900, only one out of every fifteen teen-agers became high school graduates. Today, more than one out of every two students comes through with a diploma. It's a fact! With this growing number of high school graduates, it is easy to see how increasingly important it is to be among them. Jobs are becoming more select and specialized, and those teen-agers who do not leave high school with diplomas will really regret it.

Here, in our school lie innumerable opportunities. Here is our chance of a lifetime to become the best and most effective human beings we possibly can,—for our own good, for the good of the family we shall some day be head of, and lastly, for the good of the community and the whole world.

Let's take a look around us at our many opportunities. Take advantage of them! Let's make it possible for historians fifty years from now to look back and mark this as the Golden Age of Education!

Steeple Jack Twist

By Tish McCarty, '52



IT was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and the snow was at its best since the skiing season had started. I had been practicing for the ski meet scheduled for the next week end. The coach had timed us all at class that morning, and we were sitting at lunch in the cabin when he read off the times. My down-hill was five seconds off my best; but even though I didn't do as well as usual, I was at the head of my class, 14-16 Intermediate Girls. Sally Reynolds, a sixteen-year-old junior, was tops in slalom and knew it. When she heard her time, which happened to be unusually good, she exclaimed to her nearest admirer, "Well, I guess I'll clinch the slalom in my class for the meet next week." Then looking toward me she sneered, "I'll get the down-hill, too, if I can do anything about it."

Now all that was on my mind was the grim look on her face as she said it. I had gone over the slalom course that afternoon, it seemed like a few thousand times, but I was still game and started to the tow to try again.

Betty Stewart, my best friend, her wrist still in a bandage as a result of a bad sprain

she had suffered a few days before, stood at the top of the course coaching me on my right turns, which, although they were improving with her help, were still quite weak. She was an excellent skier and had been the one who finally persuaded me to take up the sport.

As I reached the top of the tow, Betty was pointing. Then I saw what she meant. There was Sally, skimming through her paces like a million dollar race horse. I sighed.

"You know, you don't look much different," Betty encouraged me. "If you would only bring your shoulder around a little more and get that weaving motion..."

Once more I sighed. Sally was on the tow again, so I decided to start down. I shoved off, then started winding through. "First—second—third pole, then a little stretch;—fourth—fifth—now, remember to watch for the rock," I told myself. All of a sudden I heard Betty cry out. Then, just as I reached the rock, someone collided with me. I felt a pain shoot through me, and I saw Sally's face push up through the tangled mass of skis. I couldn't tell whether the pain was due to an injury or to the sight of Sally. But in a moment I knew. My ski wasn't damaged, since it had sailed off my foot as I struck the rock. No, it was I who was hurt, how badly I couldn't tell. As I started to rise, Sally darted up and yelled after her fleeting skis, "So sorry!"

The next thing I knew she was down again, sliding rapidly while trying vainly to recover herself, but floundering at every effort. She looked as if she might be in pain, but she regained her stance and continued down the hill.

By now Betty was beside me with my ski and helping me up. "That was a rotten thing to do. She got off the tow half way up and came right for you. I tried to warn you, but it was too late. Are you hurt?"

"No. It's nothing serious. I'll be O. K. Time I stopped anyway. It's getting late."

That night my foot was very painful, but I soaked it in a solution Mom gave me, and bandaged my ankle.

I couldn't practice again before the meet, for my ankle really bothered me. By Saturday it was much better, but Mom didn't think it wise for me to do any skiing. Her word is law, so I didn't have a chance to try the course.

On Sunday Betty came to take me to the meet.

"How's your ankle?" she asked.

"I haven't noticed it a bit," I fibbed. "It won't bother me." I was trying to convince myself as well as her.

The ride increased my excitement; and although I tried to tell myself that it was just an ordinary day, that I was just going skiing for the pleasure of it, and that nothing irregular was going to happen, I was all jumpy inside and could hardly wait to get to the course.

The setting was perfect. A new snowfall the night before had covered the base with an extra three inches of beautiful whiteness, which sparkled yet did not melt in the warm sunlight.

Arriving at the cabin, we found Jim Dunbar copying registrations for the meet. I had secretly admired Jim from the day when he had entered my French class at school, but I had never had a chance to get acquainted with him.

"You're going to take the slalom, I hear," he said with a friendly grin.

"I certainly hope so, but my chances are slim. I haven't practiced all week," I replied. "But I'll do my best anyway."

"We'll have to hurry," said Betty. "Every one is over on Steeple Jack, and the men are setting up the markers and poles. People are already lined up and waiting for action."

"I'm going along, too," said Jim. "I have to take these lists over." He slipped them into his pocket; then walking over to the door, he

flung it open, bowing Betty and me out with great formality.

"Are you bowing before our new champion-to-be?" Betty asked laughingly.

"Sure am," he replied, smiling. I smiled too, but less confidently.

Well, luck was with me and I won the first event, the downhill. Then, without waiting to hear the other results, I left to bandage my ankle, which was aching badly.

When I returned, the third event was being announced. On reporting to the desk, I found I was to start after two other contestants.

At the top of the course Betty met me. "You'll be O. K.," she said. "Just watch your shoulder and take it easy. You can't afford to fall."

"Yes," I replied, picturing Sally gracefully weaving through the poles. I hadn't seen Sally all afternoon, but then there were so many skiers I could easily have missed her.

"I wonder how she came out on the downhill? Oh well, I've got to get that weaving motion if it kills me!" I told myself.

The whistle sounded sharp and clear, and the first girl started down the slope. The second darted away. Then my name was called, and before I knew it, I was off. I guess I was caught off guard, for I took the first pole slightly wide and nearly missed the second; but after the third, I tried to pull myself together. I began to weave. Suddenly, as I started through the fourth pole, a sharp pain shot through my leg. I faltered, then caught myself just as I was almost down. From there on it was torture. As I passed through the last pole on a wing and a prayer, I straightened up, shifted my weight, and kept on going to the cabin.

I sat in the cabin for some time, kneading my bare foot, and reflecting that Sally probably had the championship and the cup cinched, since she would most likely have come in second on the downhill, and I might not even have placed in the slalom, her specialty.

Continued on page 10

The Call of the Adirondacks

By Robert Prentiss '53



THE mere mention of venison seems to rouse the sporting instinct. The pulse quickens; the fountain of youth starts bubbling. Dull must be he of spirit who does not respond to the magic of this word. The thrill must be a heritage from our pioneer ancestors.

This probably explains the origin of the most peculiar quartet that ever responded to the call of the wild. There were Tom, my uncle; Jim, the surgeon; Joe, a dentist; and Sam, the undertaker, who contrary to all tradition, was fat and jolly and full of jokes.

It all started when Jim passed around a letter from a farmer friend in the Adirondacks, an invitation to go up and dispose of some of the deer that were chewing the young fruit trees. The men agreed to go, smacking their lips in delight at the thought of

venison, even though Sam still maintains he went along solely for business reasons.

It was early in December and the weather was bitterly cold, but this did not daunt these intrepid nimrods. Setting out in the grey dusk of early morning, they arrived at the large farm, half-frozen, because my uncle's car had no heater; but a hot breakfast was waiting for them, and they soon regained their enthusiasm for the hunt.

About a half hour later the guides came. They were an odd pair. Lou, tall and angular, looked the way Lincoln might have in his rail-splitting days, while Antoine, his partner, a French-Canadian, was short and chubby.

They finally started off on the expedition, leaving Sam, the undertaker, behind with a gallon of hard cider. The snow was about five inches deep,—a fine tracking snow according to Lou. The first mile across the pasture passed without any particular discomfort.

Then, signs of trouble appeared. Jim's long sheep-lined coat began to catch in shrubs and branches, while Joe, who wore a pair of heelless shoe-pacs, slipped back two steps for every one he took. Uncle Tom, whose footgear, though only a pair of arctics over city shoes, proved a great help to him in mountain climbing, laughed derisively as he saw Joe slip again and again.

It was nearly noon when the group reached the ridge from which they were to hunt. The two guides, Lou and Antoine, calmly smoked their pipes while they rested their backs against a tree trunk. After puffing for what seemed an age, Lou outlined the plan. It was simple and logical. The three green hunters were to be placed at separate stations about a quarter of a mile apart, where they could get a good view down each side of the mountain. Lou and Antoine were to separate, each

taking a side of the mountain and working up from the bottom. The idea was that any deer lurking in the thickets would be jumped by one of the guides and would head up the mountain, crossing the line of posts, so that the hunters might get a shot. None of them figured that the noise they had made coming up the ridge had probably scared every deer into the next county.

Off they went with Lou to take their designated posts. Joe was dropped beside a nice, round stump, and Jim by an outcrop of rock. When my uncle saw his station, he shuddered. It was at the top of a high cliff, the land dropping off sheerly to the valley several hundred feet below.

Lou departed, and my uncle was alone without any final word of instruction. Then silence. There was no sound except as a vagrant breeze occasionally rustled a dead leaf. An hour passed. Nothing happened; nothing stirred.

To the south were Jim and Joe, alert for the anticipated quarry, but they soon grew tired of waiting and dozed off. My uncle, high up on the cliff, wanted to smoke, yet he did not dare, lest the tobacco aroma reach the keen nostrils of the soft-footed deer. Then, my uncle, too, fell asleep.

About four o'clock he awoke. The sun was sinking in the southwest. He gave a cautious yell to Jim, but there was no response. Picking up his rifle, he hurried to Jim's post, only to find him fast asleep, while the snow about him was littered with cigarette butts. Uncle Tim stirred him with his foot, and Jim roused with a sleepy "Hello! What's up?"

Now Joe arrived on the scene. To prove that he hadn't been asleep, he produced a nicely carved cane, whittled from a handy bush.

The sky was thickening fast. Clouds had appeared from nowhere, and the sun had disappeared. It was growing colder. The men held a council of war.

Whatever decision would have been made it was rudely prevented by a loud baying of a hound after a deer and the sharp report of a rifle. Out of a nearby thicket came Lou with a "Hi, thar!" followed by Antoine, still baying and carrying a rabbit. Antoine was the hound, and the rabbit the deer. And that was as near as these hunters came to bringing home the venison.

When the group got back to the farmhouse, Sam was playing checkers with the host, while the half-emptied jug of cider sat at a convenient spot on the floor. There was a smirk on Sam's face like that of a cat which had eaten a canary.

"All back safe?" he asked. "That's good. Any luck?" The silence gave him his answer.

"Too bad," he continued. "Here, take a shot of cider and you'll feel better."

At this point, Sally, the cook, stuck her head through the kitchen doorway, announcing, "Supper's ready!"

The wash bench was out behind the kitchen door and opposite the woodshed. Jim reached it first and let out a yell. There, on the shed door was a nice plump spikehorn buck strung up by his horns.

Then the story came out. Sam had spotted the buck in the orchard behind the barn. He had taken his rifle and shot the deer not a hundred yards from the farmhouse.

It was too much for Lou and Antoine. They disappeared into the darkness with a well-emphasized, "Good night!"

WINTER NAP

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

When I awoke this morning
I saw a pleasant sight.
A spotless white blanket
Had fallen through the night.
The earth is soundly sleeping
All tenderly tucked away;
While o'er her glistening coverlet,
The children romp and play.

My Great Worry

By Rita Biron, '50

IT is not uncommon in this era to find that many people have theme songs which, in their opinions, describe their lives perfectly. Well, if I were to choose a theme song, the words would go something like this:

"Once I was happy but now I'm forlorn
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn."

Not very long ago, I was a happy individual, but now, after a few months of school, I am deeply depressed. It is not due to the excessive amount of homework assigned, for if it were, I should do it assiduously. No, it is something a great deal more important and much more tragic. Maybe you, too, have been afflicted with the same illness. If you have, do not read this, for I do not wish to depress you any more than you already are. What is this illness, you ask? It is English. No, I am not a foreigner, and I can pronounce most words correctly. But, what good does it do me? I cannot recite the rules which would explain the reason for my using the words as I do. For several weeks, I have been studying my English rules faithfully, hoping that I shall know the "why and wherefors" of the English language. But success does not come overnight.

A few weeks ago, I should have been contented to speak the best I could; but now, I pause after each word and wonder if I have used it correctly. That is not bad, you say. Just try it! Just to show you what I mean, I'll tell you one of my many experiences which have been caused by my deficiency of knowledge. Today, my aunt asked me if I was going to Springfield. Well, that was an easy question, but what about the answer? At first I started to say, "No, but I will go next Saturday." Then I thought about the rule and remembered that "will" used in the first person signifies determination, promise, or consent. I was certainly not determined, and I could not promise without my mother's per-

mission. Since my aunt was not asking me to go, I couldn't consent. I finally was able to blurt out "No, but I shall go next Saturday." In the meantime, my aunt looked at me as though she thought that I was ready for a rest home. In response to this look I meekly smiled but I knew that there was one rule in English that I had mastered.

Maybe it was the contentment which I derived from knowing that I was not a hopeless case that spurred me in my quest for a knowledge of rules, for since then I have studied earnestly and have accomplished much more than I thought possible. Although I shall probably undergo many more embarrassing experiences before I become skilled in the use of correct English, I know that I shall have met a strong enemy and conquered him when I am able to speak as the intelligentsia do. Until then I shall keep my theme song and have my great worry to keep me company through my tireless struggle.

WOE IS ME

By Kathleen Keegan

I bought a lovely valentine
All trimmed with lace and frills;
I also bought a comic one
Designed to give you chills.

The lacy card was bought to send
To one I love the best;
The comic card, of course, would go
To one who is a pest.

On the lacy card, I signed my name;
The comic one, "Guess Who!"
I put them in their envelopes
And mailed them, just those two.

It was a day before I learned
Of the stupid thing I'd done!
The pest received the lacy card;
My love the comic one.

Boots, A Cat of Personality

By Jean Pruyne, '50

OUR first cat, Boots, was an animal of unusual personality; in fact, he was a character. He showed his initiative, and something of his independence, at an early age. Abandoned by some unfeeling owner, he didn't cower by the roadside, awaiting his fate as another kitten might have done; he ventured out into the world to find a family which would meet his own personal requirements.

One afternoon late in October, when my brothers and I were raking the rustling, golden poplar leaves that lay thick on the lawn, we spied a very small kitten, ambling around the corner of the house, for all the world as if he owned the place. After much chasing, we managed to catch him, and took him in to show him to Mother. She plunged us into the depths of despair by refusing to let us keep him, but he stayed after all. She went on a trip to New Jersey the following day, and when she returned, Boots was an established member of the family.

Thus we acquired our first cat, who became our criterion for judging all other cats. He wore a black tuxedo, with a gleaming white shirtfront, white gloves, and white boots. In spite of this formal costume, he fancied himself a prize-fighter.

Although with the family he was always gentle and never scratched, as a fighter he must have been ferocious. He had some able adversaries in the neighborhood, and often came home in the morning exhausted and covered with scratches, his ears torn and bleeding. His love of fighting gave us a healthy scare one night during a blackout. Taking advantage of the silence and inky blackness, he and another tom-cat staged a battle on the pipes in the cellar, running around and yowling frightfully. This scared my already nervous family half out of their wits.



But in spite of his occasional belligerency with other felines, Boots was a very happy and companionable little animal. Loving attention, he sometimes jumped right onto the book I was reading, to make me notice him. Purring his loud, rattling purr, he used to lie in my lap for hours while I stroked him. He loved to eat tasty morsels of fresh-caught mouse, to lie dozing in the warm sun all day, and especially to call on the many lady cats in the vicinity.

This last involved quite a process, particularly when he had been fighting the night before, and was not at his best. First he would find a nice sunny spot, and then proceed to wash himself all over, very thoroughly, until his white fur was snowy, and all his black fur gleamed. Then he would smooth himself down so that he looked as if he had been brushed, meanwhile vanquishing as many of those cursed fleas as possible.

Of course, he knew that no cat could present a poised, gentlemanly appearance before his lady friend if he had to stop and scratch at fleas every other minute. At last, his head cocked at a jaunty angle, his tail held high, he would trot off through the fields, knowing he would have plenty of time later to sleep off his big night.

Boots had his faults, of course. In fact, I'm afraid he was not a very refined cat, and at times not overly respectable. He was not above filching a little meat from the table; he used to jump upon it as soon as he heard the telephone ring, knowing Mother would be busy for a while. One New Year's Eve he was visibly intoxicated, not even able to walk without staggering. This was the result of too much Christmas in general, and too much catnip in particular.

Certainly Boots was no angel, but I think angels must be rather insipid creatures—they lack the spice of devilry which made Boots unforgettable.

STEEPLE JACK TWIST

Continued from Page Five

As I thought gloomily of my failure, Jim and Betty burst in:

"Listen," they both gasped.

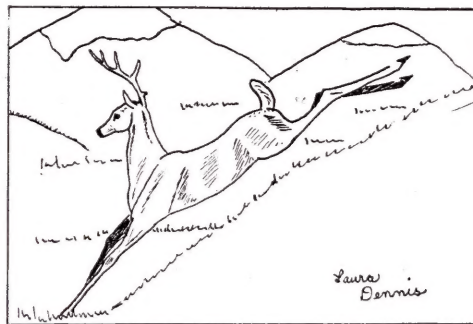
The loud speaker was blaring "... highest number of points wins the Intermediate Championship. The winner should report to the desk for ribbons or trophies coming to her in the Intermediate events. Once again, the winner should report at..."

"Don't you realize? That's you!" Betty cried.

"I told you so, I told you so," shouted Jim, thumping both of us on the back.

"But it's not possible," I stammered. "Sally..."

"Sally, for your information, my sweet, had the extraordinary misfortune to collide with someone last Sunday. Her sprain was worse than yours and she eliminated herself," Jim said, winking at me in a very knowing



THE HUNT

By Marilyn Case, '53

Often in the early morn
The baying hounds and the hunter's horn
Echo through the woodland dale,
And o'er the mountain's trodden trails
The deer springs from his couch in alarm
The hunter is near, the chase is on.

Over the land with flying foot
He crosses the meadow, then the brook,
With his proud antlers towering high
He runs for his life; the hunter nearby
Is just as determined to win the race
As through the valley sweeps the chase.

The stag is tiring; soon he feels
The dreaded hounds upon his heels
And as an arrow pierces his side
Upon the moss he quietly dies.
The hunt is o'er and with his prey
The hunter returns, at the close of day.

manner, and then strolling up and down admiring an imaginary trophy in his hands.

"Well, let's escort her majesty out to receive her grand award," laughed Betty, pushing us both out of the cabin. I yelled as my bare foot touched the cold snow, but Jim lifted me to his shoulders.

"You know what?" he said, smiling up into my shining eyes. "I'm going to drop you here and now in this snow drift if you won't go with me to the Snow Ball next Saturday."

The Battle of the Locker Section

By Edith Butler, '50



THE half past eight bell has just rung, and there you are, facing menace number one of high school life—the locker section. Still misty eyed with early morning groginess, you face the treacherous ordeal of making your way through the over-crowded locker section to that space eight inches wide, which you fondly call your locker. You brace yourself, take a deep breath (deep enough to last until you again emerge into the civilized world), and stumble through, automatically making due apologies along the way. When you finally reach your destination, you unlock the

lock and have the audacity to open the door, thus occupying more valuable space.

Splat! No, that's not a stray fish that just hit you in the face; it's merely someone's umbrella being opened and put above the lockers to dry. However, by the time you're a veteran senior you have learned to accept such occurrences in your stride.

Now you attempt an extremely courageous feat. Slowly and cautiously you bend down to remove your rubbers. You expect at any moment to find yourself sprawled on the floor and being trampled by the mad crowd. Struggling out of your coat is almost as futile as trying to free yourself from a strait-jacket, but through some miracle you succeed and are ready to select your books for the first three periods. In the dim light you try to determine which book is which. At length, hoping you have taken the right ones, you close your locker door, lock it, and—crash! Some equally wretched person, in her zeal to make her departure, has upset your pile of books, and someone else is now kicking them along. Dejectedly and ruefully you watch them journeying up the locker aisle and wonder if you will ever see them again. But perseverance wins the day. At length you rescue them, grasp them tightly, and defiantly make your way out. Triumphant you give the battlefield one last look and feel the joy of security until lunch time when once again you must fight the "Battle of the Locker Section."

GETTING WEIGHED

By Kathleen Keegan

(Dedicated to all gym teachers)

Why must we stand upon the scales
Just to see how much we weigh,
When we know it's going to make us skimp
On what we eat from day to day.

CAREER CORNER



MISS GERALDINE SHEEHAN

"Most reporters would probably laugh at me, but I think my job is really glamorous and thrilling," declared Miss Geraldine Sheehan, an Eagle reporter, during a recent interview. Miss Sheehan, a tall brunette, was stylishly dressed in a bright blue wool dress with a gaily colored scarf around her neck. Her dark eyes, framed in horn-rimmed glasses, sparkled, betraying her lively interest in everything going on about her.

Miss Sheehan graduated from Pittsfield High School in 1941 as an honor student. After attending Berkshire Business College for six months, she was employed for a year during the early part of the war at the Rationing Board. The Advertising Department of the Berkshire Evening Eagle then benefited by her services until 1945, when she moved across the hall to the news room, where she has since been employed in general reporting. Miss Sheehan realizes that the war was a turning point in her career. It enabled her to become a reporter, as many of the men who were employed there were in the service at that time.

A reporter's hours are rather indefinite, but the day starts theoretically at 7.30 A. M. and ends at about 3.30 P. M. with no definite

lunch hour. Since news does not stop happening after the paper has been published for that day, it is necessary to work some nights so that parades, public rallies, etc., may be covered. To compensate for this overtime a reporter has a day off each week, plus Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Miss Sheehan covers happenings at the Court House as well as covering "her beat" to obtain news. She then returns to write it up before the one o'clock deadline.

The reporter starts with approximately the same salary as a secretary or stenographer. Miss Sheehan feels, however, that there is a greater opportunity for salary advancement in journalism.

The year 1948 was an eventful one for Miss Sheehan. She won second prize in the annual contest of the New England Newspaper Women's Association. The award is given annually to three women for their work in the field of journalism. Various types of work done by women reporters in New England during the year were submitted for competition. The award was given to her at a luncheon in Boston in May, 1949. During 1948 she also traveled abroad with her sister, a civilian employee in Germany. They visited France, Spain, Czechoslovakia, England, and Ireland. She was fascinated by everything and considered it a wonderful experience, especially for a reporter who is trained to observe everything.

Although Miss Sheehan took the commercial course at Pittsfield High School, she advised strongly against it for anyone who wishes to become a reporter. A background of general knowledge is of the utmost importance. The more a reporter knows about everything and anything, the easier it is for him or her to become successful in this field. A college education is not necessary, but it is definitely an asset. If an applicant for a position on a newspaper is interested in and aware

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of events that are taking place and has a certain curiosity to find out the whys and wherefores, she will certainly be considered for the position.

After the interview was over, Miss Sheehan returned to the Eagle office, from where we had been forced to retreat because of the bustling activity of the news room. On leaving, she told us not to hesitate to call if there was any information we had forgotten to obtain. She certainly anticipated the woes of a student reporter!

Career Week

SINCE there are approximately thirty-one thousand legitimate ways to make a living and a person has difficulty in choosing the right one for himself, the Guidance Department of Pittsfield High School, under the direction of Mr. Charles Murphy, will sponsor a "Career Week" sometime in March. People from various professions and vocations will be here at Pittsfield High School to speak on the aspects of their particular occupations.

First a survey will be taken so that the students will be able to choose speakers from the types of work in which they are interested. If fifteen or more students are interested in a certain type of work, a representative from that field will be obtained. Then the students will again be surveyed so that they may designate the lectures they wish to attend. Each person will be allowed to hear three different ones and will be asked to have two questions ready for the discussion period following the talk.

The particular subject of each discourse will differ, but the general outline will always be the same. Each speaker will discuss his occupation—the importance, type, advantages, disadvantages, personal qualifications, special training required, income, effect on

the worker, and effects of unions. So you see, these people come to outline the work in which they are engaged and not to urge anyone to enter a particular field. The speakers will tell the students to choose their life's work intelligently, with the thought of trying to relate their interests, abilities and aptitudes with the advantages of a certain daily occupation.

Most of the people who speak are from local professions, trades, and industries who have been successful in their line of work, but men and women from outside Pittsfield may come also. All the speakers come voluntarily and are given time off from their regular working hours by their employers because of their interest in young people. Many have returned year after year because of the demand.

The Guidance Department attempts to get an equal number of talks for boys and girls as well as those which would be of interest to both groups. The department also tries not to have any talks conflict; that is, two closely related subjects, such as two kinds of engineering, would be discussed on different days.

Mr. Murphy wishes to point out that this is not an "isolated extravaganza" because Career Week doesn't end here. A follow-up can be made with the help of the teacher-counselor and the printed occupational literature that Miss Hutchinson has in the library.

Sometimes field trips are arranged by the Guidance Department and over three hundred professional people grant personal interviews.

Since Career Week isn't just time off, the technique used here is considered so outstanding that the Guidance Department won a prize in national competition. Letters have been received from the speakers of previous years expressing their pleasure with the attitude of the students of Pittsfield High School.

CAREER CORNER



MISS GERALDINE SHEEHAN

"Most reporters would probably laugh at me, but I think my job is really glamorous and thrilling," declared Miss Geraldine Sheehan, an Eagle reporter, during a recent interview. Miss Sheehan, a tall brunette, was stylishly dressed in a bright blue wool dress with a gaily colored scarf around her neck. Her dark eyes, framed in horn-rimmed glasses, sparkled, betraying her lively interest in everything going on about her.

Miss Sheehan graduated from Pittsfield High School in 1941 as an honor student. After attending Berkshire Business College for six months, she was employed for a year during the early part of the war at the Rationing Board. The Advertising Department of the Berkshire Evening Eagle then benefited by her services until 1945, when she moved across the hall to the news room, where she has since been employed in general reporting. Miss Sheehan realizes that the war was a turning point in her career. It enabled her to become a reporter, as many of the men who were employed there were in the service at that time.

A reporter's hours are rather indefinite, but the day starts theoretically at 7.30 A. M. and ends at about 3.30 P. M. with no definite

lunch hour. Since news does not stop happening after the paper has been published for that day, it is necessary to work some nights so that parades, public rallies, etc., may be covered. To compensate for this overtime a reporter has a day off each week, plus Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Miss Sheehan covers happenings at the Court House as well as covering "her beat" to obtain news. She then returns to write it up before the one o'clock deadline.

The reporter starts with approximately the same salary as a secretary or stenographer. Miss Sheehan feels, however, that there is a greater opportunity for salary advancement in journalism.

The year 1948 was an eventful one for Miss Sheehan. She won second prize in the annual contest of the New England Newspaper Women's Association. The award is given annually to three women for their work in the field of journalism. Various types of work done by women reporters in New England during the year were submitted for competition. The award was given to her at a luncheon in Boston in May, 1949. During 1948 she also traveled abroad with her sister, a civilian employee in Germany. They visited France, Spain, Czechoslovakia, England, and Ireland. She was fascinated by everything and considered it a wonderful experience, especially for a reporter who is trained to observe everything.

Although Miss Sheehan took the commercial course at Pittsfield High School, she advised strongly against it for anyone who wishes to become a reporter. A background of general knowledge is of the utmost importance. The more a reporter knows about everything and anything, the easier it is for him or her to become successful in this field. A college education is not necessary, but it is definitely an asset. If an applicant for a position on a newspaper is interested in and aware

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of events that are taking place and has a certain curiosity to find out the whys and wherefores, she will certainly be considered for the position.

After the interview was over, Miss Sheehan returned to the Eagle office, from where we had been forced to retreat because of the bustling activity of the news room. On leaving, she told us not to hesitate to call if there was any information we had forgotten to obtain. She certainly anticipated the woes of a student reporter!

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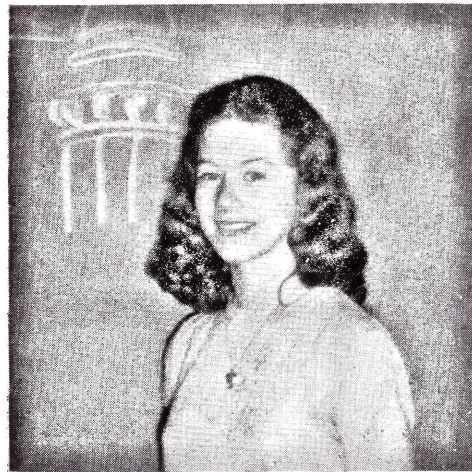
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WHO'S WHO



EMILY DENNIS

Well-known to the Junior Class is Emily Dennis, who hails from on top of October Mountain. As Art Editor of *THE PEN*, you've all seen her drawings either in that magazine or on posters around the school. Besides being interested in art, Emily is an active member of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y, likes to read and listen to classical music, to ride horseback, and eat. Emily's future goal is Vassar College. Best of luck, Emily!

"WHITEY"

All you football fans know him, and so does practically everyone else. If you don't, meet "Whitey" Hart, a very able guard on the football team. He is also a member of the all-Western Massachusetts football team, and the WBEC all-Berkshire team. "Whitey" is a very congenial senior whose many likes include dancing, all sports, spaghetti, English, watching the cheerleaders, and seeing Red. His pet peeves are shaving and working. After graduation, Whitey plans to attend prep school but is undecided as to which one it will be.



ALL AROUND MISS

This active senior is a stranger to no one around P. H. S. With her winning smile and magnetic personality, Marcia Viale is rated tops in popularity. Besides being a member of Beta Tri-Hi-Y *THE STUDENT'S PEN* Staff, and the Senior volleyball team, she is also serving her second year on the P. H. S. cheerleading squad. "Marsh" enjoys dancing, cheerleading, and sports best of all; but she also has a strange preference for a certain "local" store. Quite recently, her trade has been restricted solely to the Sears and Roebuck Company! (Why there???) Marcia's plans for the future are college. Here's wishing you success in reaching your goal, "Marsh"!



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P. H. S. PROMOTER

We introduce one of the busiest members of the Senior Class, Betsy Hynes. Besides having an important part in the class play, she is a member of the Student Council, President of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y, Home Room Representative. Last year she was co-chairman of the Junior Prom.

Betsy's favorite pastime is dancing and swimming. She has been on the P. H. S. swimming team for the past two years.

Her only peeve is homework; however, she does like history. Betsy's ambition is to be a success in college, but just what college is still indefinite.



JEAN CRONIN

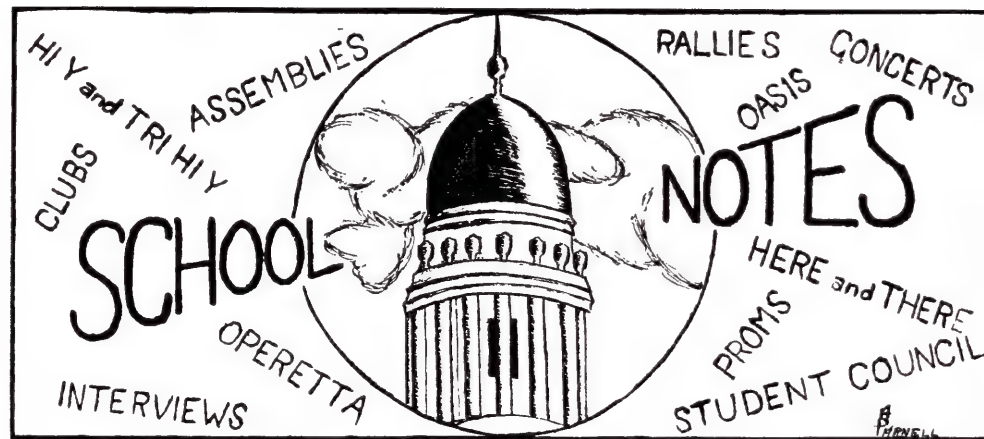
This petite, brown-haired senior, Jean Cronin, is a popular member of her class. Jean, besides being an active home-room representative, is also a member of the Student Council. She enjoys participating in all sports, but her favorite is basketball, which she plays very well despite her height of 5'. Among her other favorites are spaghetti and french fries. Jean hopes someday to become a good secretary, and we know that she will be among the best.



"BUDDY"

You've seen him on the basketball court and soon you'll be seeing him on the baseball diamond. Who? Why, none other than Charles "Buddy" Sheran, of course! He's star forward on the basketball team and captain of the 1950 baseball team. "Buddy" played second base on last year's New England American Legion Club and the P.H.S. High School Championship team, which won the Massachusetts State Championship. He served as co-chairman of the Christmas decoration committee and is a member of the picture committee for the yearbook. After graduation "Buddy" hopes to become a pro baseball player. Good luck, "Buddy".





SCHOOL NOTES DEPARTMENT

Irma Bosma, Mary Callanan, Theresa Cianflone, Paula Coughlin, Louise Davis, Mary DeSilvia, Marcia Fink, Vanda Francese, Joan Gaudette, Betty Jasper, Lorita Martinelli, Joan Phair, Jane Phair, James Renzi, Richard Shook, Carol Selkowitz, Marcia Viale

TECHNICAL NEWS

The Senior Technical Class has formed an early morning gym class. Because of a full schedule during the regular school day, with no time available for Physical Education, the boys decided to have a class at 7.30 A. M. Through the cooperation of Coach Carmody and the leadership of Mr. Arthur Phinney, the class is in full swing, and the boys are very satisfied.

A few members of the Senior Technical Class paid a visit to Northeastern University on Friday, January 13. The boys arrived at the University at about eleven A. M. where they were thoroughly briefed by Miss Moore, a member of the admissions department of the University. Later the group was escorted through the university under the direction of Professor Milton J. Schlagenhouf, director of admissions. During the day they were escorted through the Mechanical, Electrical, Industrial, and Electronics Laboratories and many other sections. The trip to Boston was very profitable for all who made it, as the group received much helpful information pertaining to college entrance requirements and the activities of a college day.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Balloons, gum, candy, pills, and posters were all a part of the spirited campaign waged by the candidates for Junior Class officers. Forty-six students, a number which establishes a record, took out nomination papers at the first class meeting on December 4, 1949. In the final elections, after close competition, Robert Reagan was elected president; Ronald Allen and Ruth Ann Pharmer became vice-presidents. Betty Jasper is secretary; and Shirley Ann Denno will handle the financial business for the class.

We wish a most successful year to all the officers, and Miss Margaret Kaliher, their adviser.

HI-Y

The Hi-Y is really getting under way this year. At one of the recent meetings they elected the following officers: Chuck Walters, president; Bob Gale, vice-president; Bruce Grunow, secretary-treasurer; and Bob Huestis, warden-chaplain. Although they have only sixteen members at the present time, they expect to initiate many more soon. Because of elections, initiations, and other important business, the boys have not had many activities. You will be hearing a lot from them in the future, however.



MISS ANNE NESBIT

MEET THE FACULTY

"Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue" might well be the theme song of Miss Anne Nesbit, one of the new teachers at P. H. S. Miss Nesbit is a St. Joseph's graduate. While attending Our Lady of the Elms College, she majored in chemistry. Miss Nesbit is also the holder of a master's degree from North Adams State Teachers College. Before coming to P. H. S. she was a chemist at Rensselaer, N. Y. A leader in social activities, Miss Nesbit still manages to devote some of her time to athletics, with golf and skiing heading the list. She's an ardent follower of baseball, and the Philadelphia Athletics rate just tops with her. To travel around the world is her main ambition and to ski in Switzerland is another. And speaking of ambitions, all the walking to and from classes, up and down stairs, isn't helping Miss Nesbit put on the extra pounds she would like so much to have. She loves teaching all of her 200 students at P. H. S. and she finds them all very cooperative! (Take heed now, all you students of Miss Nesbit, take heed! :) Her philosophy on life is, "Live by the day and let tomorrow take care of itself," and wise words they are too, Miss Nesbit!

We all hope that Miss Nesbit will enjoy her stay at P. H. S.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

The boys in the Welding Department have taken advantage of the good weather. They recently went to the General Electric Company Scrap and Salvage Department, where they obtained over three tons of steel plate to be used in their shop.

The first year boys in the Auto Mechanics section will complete their welding training at mid-year. They will be replaced by those now in the Auto Body shop.

Twenty-four waste paper baskets have been turned out this month for the school department. Numerous jobs for out of school concerns have been completed. If your locker has been repaired and finally works, you can thank the boys in the Sheet Metal course.

Two new machines have been installed in the Print Shop. A new Challenge paper cutter has replaced the one formerly in use. The Little Giant modern cylinder press has many modern features to save time and labor. It has a quick-set feeder, handles almost any kind of paper, can run fast or slow, and can print on small envelopes or postcards.

Eighteen benches and nine tables have been completed by cabinetmaking for the Crane School cafeteria. Joe Miller and Steve Pytko recently completed some beautiful plywood closets for use in the Guidance office.

OASIS NEWS

The Oasis New Year's Dance was a huge success with ninety-two couples. The committee hopes all the dances for the coming year will be as successful.

This year, instead of having two separate holiday dances, the Birthday Dance and the Valentine Dance, the members hope to combine them into one big Valentine Dance.

Because of the decrease in attendance, Oasis has moved to the second floor of the Y.M.C.A. in Room A. Upstairs there is a separate game room with the usual conveniences of ping pong, caroms and checkers. Also there is a separate lounge room.

Au Revoir To Mr. George M. Innis

TO MR. INNIS

By Edward J. McKenna

What shall we write of the teacher, the scholar,

The comrade who leaves us today?
How may we honor his long years of labor?
What tribute can we pay?

Will English, the mother tongue, suffice?
Ah, no! for here with us tonight
Sits a student of many languages,
He would want this job done right!

So, here to this gathering let us bid
Great writers from other lands.
He has loved their books and taught them well—
His tribute is in their hands.

Goethe and Schiller rise to say
In Teuton accents plain—
Plainer than mine, I haste to add—
"Professor, Auf wiedersehen!"

Rostand and Dumas next appear.
Hear them. They've traveled far.
Their voices rise in classic French—
"Monsieur Innis, Au Revoir!"

"Ad multos annos!"—Who are these
That to our aid do rally?
Virgil and Horace come to add
Their "Ave atque vale."

Cervantes wrote "Don Quizote"
In a manner verbose,
But his speech tonight is short and sweet—
"Senor Innis—Adios!"

Homer alone is missing here;
In vain for him we seek.
The reason? Well, if you must know—
"George, what's 'Goodbye' in Greek?"

And now the time has come, old friend,
To tell you, if you'll let us,
"You'll be always in our memories.
So long, George. Don't forget us!"

THE faculty and student body of Pittsfield High School regretfully bade farewell to Mr. George M. Innis on his retirement last December as a member of the faculty. Mr. Innes had taught for almost fifty years. Since 1921 he has been head of the foreign language department at Pittsfield High.

He was graduated from Arms Academy at Shelburne Falls and from Brown University. He continued his education in Germany where he took a special course at Marburg University.

After his return to the United States, Mr. Innis taught in a private school in Chicago, then at Williston Academy, Utica Free Academy, Albany Boys' Academy, and University School in Cleveland, Ohio. From there he came to Pittsfield High.

Those who were fortunate enough to have Mr. Innis as a teacher realize only too well how difficult it will be to replace him. A conscientious and earnest teacher, he sought and received the respect of all his pupils. We shall always think of him as a kindly gentleman, whose influence upon us has been immeasurable. We shall miss him, but we hope that the future will hold many years of happiness for him.

Faculty Honors Mr. Innis

ABOUT seventy-five members of the faculty gathered for dinner at the White Tree Inn on Wednesday, December 21 to honor Mr. George M. Innis, who was retiring as head of the foreign language department of Pittsfield High.

Appropriately enough, the menu consisted of such choice delicacies as *obst tasse*, *hors d'oeuvre*, *kartoffel puree*, *fagiola carote con panna*, *bollos calientes y mantequilla*, and *jelea de arandomo*—rare delicacies, that is, to most of the faculty, but familiar ones to Mr. Innis.

Mr. John P. Leahy was toastmaster and

introduced the speakers of the evening. Superintendent Edward J. Russell, in paying tribute to Mr. Innis, quoted Cicero's *De Senectute*: "I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, but I like far better an older man in whom there is something of the young." He continued by saying that although "Mr. Lent has the power to retire Mr. Innis from Room 137, he will never be able to retire him from our hearts . . . We pay tribute to you tonight as a master teacher, as a genuine personality, and as a real friend."

Principal Roy M. Strout presented Mr. Innis with a purse on behalf of the faculty. He complimented Mr. Innis for possessing "to a high degree the qualities that help to make a successful teacher. He has made a lasting and valuable contribution to the training of Pittsfield youth. We wish him long years of health and happiness, a reward he deserves so well."

Other speakers included Miss Rachel Morse, who gave a toast in Latin to Mrs. Innis; Miss Ella Casey, who spoke for the faculty; Mr. Edward McKenna, whose poem is quoted elsewhere on this page; and Mr. Jesse Haffley, who presented Mr. Innis with a framed copy of resolutions of the P. T. A.

Mr. Innis responded by reading one of his delightful limericks.

During the dinner, Mr. Edward Hickey played for group singing and accompanied Miss Laretta Guiltinan.

"MEET ME IN SAINT LOUIS"

The cast of the Senior Play, ably directed by Miss Elizabeth M. Enright, gave a splendid performance of "Meet Me In Saint Louis" to a capacity crowd in the auditorium on February 10. It was the first time in ten years that the Senior Class had presented a play. This venture was such a success that we shall look forward to seeing many other fine plays. Every little detail from the dish of fudge down to Rose's black fan was perfect. The

audience especially enjoyed the scenes where Mr. Dodge was so badly mistreated, having a bag of water burst over his head and twice having the household's pet cat thrown in his face!

To the whole cast, Miss Enright, Co-chairmen Margie Lyman and Dick Holleran and their various committees, we offer our congratulations for a job well done!

TRI-HI-Y

As usual, the Tri-Hi-Y clubs have been very busy. Last year the Lions Club sponsored a beauty contest, resulting in the election of Eleanor Bonin as "Miss Pittsfield." Again this year, the contest is in progress, and the representative from our Hi-Y's elected to enter this contest is none other than Carol O'Donnell.

Gamma and Beta had holiday projects to help needy families have a happy Christmas and start the New Year off right. Beta helped two boys, ages seven and eleven, who are living with foster parents. Gamma made a huge basket of goodies for a family. Gamma is also very busy with their Snow Flurry Dance to be held February eighteenth at the Y. Ruth Ann Pharmed is doing a marvelous job as chairman.

Many of the clubs have had socials. Alpha, however, had a scavenger hunt and has hopes of a skating party. The proceeds of their very successful food sale are for another social project. Delta had a movie party which was a great deal of fun. Their plans for a Bunny Hop are still under way. They hope to have this dance Easter Monday.

Zeta and Gamma enjoyed a lecture by Mrs. Estes, the beautician, who brought out some startling effects with a little make-up.

Sigma had a social and are planning a play for March. On January twenty-fourth all the Hi-Y's are going to meet in a group when Dr. Shipton will speak on Health and Hygiene.



PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BAND

HERE AND THERE

Guess what? Jimmy Rodrigues has suddenly found that life now holds a new interest for him! Hear she makes luscious chocolate cake, Jim! !

We're glad to see that Ralph Cianflone (Conductor, in "Meet Me in Saint Louis") has finally bought himself a new sweater. (One that will show off his bulging biceps! !)

Betty Collins and Barbara Clark have pooled their resources and decided to invest in a good typing eraser. It's about time, girls! It is true, isn't it?

Don Conway seems to have received a new stock of ties for Christmas. Even so, they are still as flashy as the old ones. Some even more so! !

Sarah Bazzano studies so intently in Economics class that she figures to be in the

Economic spotlight in future years! See you in Washington, "Buzz!"

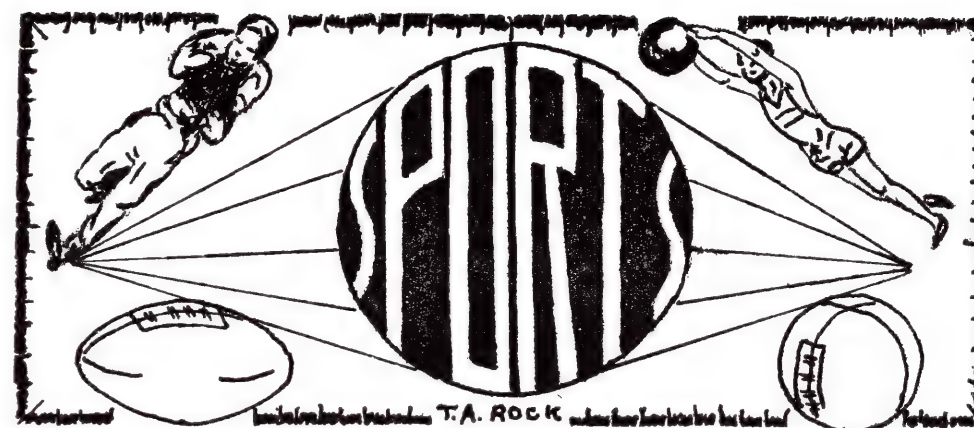
Imagine Jimmy Thompson and Jimmy Mazzer taking in the Senior play together! Made a rather cute couple, don't you think?

Who is Rudy Dinkus????

Small wonder that Fern O'Donnell isn't late for her fourth period every day, what with all the fussing that she has opening her locker. Why, you'd think she was waiting for somebody! Can't understand it!

If Joe Lavelle ever gets down to Economics class on time I think Mr. McGovern will proclaim a holiday! What holds you up, Joe?

Have a typewriter that needs repairing? Don't bother calling a repair man. Just call in Mary Lou Sisson. She can do it! Picture Mary Lou sitting in class the other day calmly taking her typewriter apart and cleaning each part separately. She put it all back too!



P. H. S. WINS OPENER

By Jay Reder

Pittsfield High's defending Berkshire County champions won their first game of the current Northern Berkshire League schedule. With "Skitch" Yannone showing the way with 17 points, the Pittsfield hoopsters tossed in the swell total of 70 points while holding a fine Williamstown High team to 48 points. Yannone was followed in the scoring column by diminutive Buddy Sheran and Captain Don Morehead, who each notched 14 counters. Lopresto was high man for the "College-townners" with 15 points. Captain Bill King and right forward Bob Shepard hooped 13 and 12 points respectively.

Pittsfield got off to a fast start in the first period, but close-checking on the part of the Williamstown team slowed the game down, and the score at the end of the first period was 11-5. The second period was a wide open scoring affair. Each team excelled on its shot-making. Pittsfield's fast-breaking squad outscored Williamstown 25 to 19 in the second period, which ended with the score 36-24, Pittsfield in front. During the remainder of the contest, Williamstown changed their defense from a tight zone to a man-to-man in order to befuddle Pittsfield. This was of no avail, as Pittsfield kept on their scoring ways and threw in 34 more points to reach their total of 70.

Referees Sanecki and Brodalski did a commendable job. They called 17 fouls on Pittsfield and 14 on Williamstown. On the foul

lines, Pittsfield had a mark of 10 for 18, while Williamstown had 12 for 23.

PITTSFIELD OUTCLASSES DALTON

By Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High won its second game of the league season by soundly thrashing a scrappy Dalton squad by a score of 47 to 22 out in the paper town. Held completely in check by an aggressive man-for-man defense, Dalton had only one man who scored more than one field goal.

P.H.S. had a 7-0 lead before Dalton scored, and led 17-7 at half time. George (Skitch) Yannone had eight points, Joe Zavatiero seven, and Joe Viani two. The Purple really found the range in the third quarter, scoring 18 points and permitting but five. Yannone and Buddy Sheran each picked up three baskets to lead the attack. Pittsfield passed very well and had the home team completely at their mercy. The score at the end of this period was 36 to 12. The last period saw both coaches use their second-string players with all of the 12 Pittsfield men seeing action.

Yannone was high scorer for the game with 17 points. Dean Laux had nine for Dalton and Sheran and Zavatiero a like number for the victors. Viani contributed five and Tony Ferdyn hit four.

Pittsfield scored 9 times in 16 free throw attempts while Dalton could get only 6 out of 18.

P. H. S. DOWNS ST. JOE'S (N. A.)

By Jay Reder

Pittsfield High's high scoring basketball squad kept on its winning ways as it downed St. Joseph's of North Adams by the score of 47-22. Once again it was Skitch Yannone, who led his team in the scoring department. Skitch had 14 points on four field goals and six foul shot. Following in the scoring column were Buddy Sheran and Joe Zavattero with 9, Don Morehead with five, Tony Ferdyn with four, Joe Viani with three, and Ron Russell and John Krieger with two and one respectively.

Pittsfield's foul shooting was truly remarkable. By throwing in 17 of its 21 chances, Pittsfield showed its proficiency at the foul line. Hanson was high for the losers with eight points.

P. H. S. DEFEATS DRURY

By Jay Reder

Notching their fourth victory in as many starts, Pittsfield High basketball squad kept pace with Adams High in the torrid Northern Berkshire Basketball loop. In a game featured by fine shotmaking, Pittsfield gave a capacity crowd at the State Armory an evening of superb basketball as it ran up a 60-41 score against Drury. With George "Skitch" Yannone leading the way with 20 points, Pittsfield hit on 24 of 72 shots from scrimmage and 12 of 18 from the foul line for a remarkably good scoring percentage. Joe Zavattaro followed Yannone in scoring, by throwing in 19 points. Buddy Sheran played a fine game from his forward position.

In the preliminary contest, the unbeaten Pittsfield J.V.'s defeated the Drury J.V.'s by the one-sided score of 31-14.

PITTSFIELD SUBDUES ST. JOSEPH

By Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High remained in its tie for the league lead with Adams by outlasting a stubborn St. Joe's squad 39-35. The Purple had little trouble in the first half, leading by seven

points at intermission, but the charges of Coach Lyons came alive in the final two periods and thrice were within one point of a tie. Charles (Buddy) Sheran's hoop with a minute to play was the clincher.

In reality it was their uncanny accuracy from the foul line that won the contest for Pittsfield. They hit on 13 out of 16 for better than 80 per cent, while St. Joe had to be content with 7 out of 13. Pittsfield was actually outscored by one floor goal, 14 to 13.

P. H. S. opened the game by going out in front 4-0, but this edge was narrowed to 8-7 at the end of the period. St. Joe was stopped cold in the second quarter, while the men of Coach Art Fox doubled their total. George (Skitch) Yannone and Capt. Don Morehead were the leaders of the attack during the first 16 minutes.

In the opening minutes of the third stanza Pittsfield boosted its lead to 23-13, but a nine point chain by St. Joseph's narrowed the lead. Pittsfield then proved equal to the occasion with a seven point skein of their own and led 30-24 going into the final quarter.

Buddy Sheran, being well screened by Don Morehead, opened the scoring in the last period by dropping in a set shot from the corner. Nykorchuck and Broderick scored to worry Pittsfield once again, but Johnny Massimiano hit on a dazzling hook from the left corner. St. Joe's narrowed the gap on a goal by Ed Poulin and two by Ronnie Codella while Joe Zavattero was hitting on a pair of fouls. Sheran then came to the rescue by popping in a one-hander and Yannone's conversion ended the scoring.

Yannone and Codella each led his team with 12 points. Morehead and Zavattero each collected seven, Massimiano had six, and Sheran five. Morehead and Massimiano each played his best game of the season to date, both offensively and defensively, while Sheran, who was held scoreless from the floor during the first three periods, came through in the clutch to keep Pittsfield in the undefeated class.



Prize winners in the West Street window decorating contest look on as Mr. Wilbur Foote, on behalf of the West Street Merchants' Association, sponsors of the contest, presents Miss Elizabeth Hapgood with her award as grand prize winner.

A PREVIEW OF GIRLS' SPORTS

There is much confusion downstairs in the girls' gym with swimming, basketball, and bowling all starting at the same time.

Most of the girls won't have to worry about their hair when it gets wet, as the style is short and straight anyway. Some of the girls who will be trying their best for the swimming championship are Judy Case, Ann Everest, Peggy Stuart, Sue Spellios for the sophs; Lillian Gaudette, Judy Beach, Patricia Farrell for the juniors; Ann Meagher, Betsy Hynes, Jacquelin Gabriel, Marion Felton, and Tessie Malumphy for the seniors.

As far as basketball is concerned, each class is determined to win. Of course, only one team can win, but it is certain that good

sportsmanship and lots of fun will enliven the afternoons of long and weary practice. A few of the prospects are Evelyne Hubbard, Barbara and Clementine Fox, Irene Wojtkowski, and Mary Ann Komuniecki from the class of 1952; Libera Principe, Janet Peplowski, and Joyce Aldrich from 1951; Sophie Deminoff, Lena Pariselli, "J" Gaudette, JoAnne Skowron, Barbara Silver, and Catherine Mierzejewski, seniors.

Rolling off at the Pastime Alleys will also be an important event. In this, the sophs, juniors, and seniors combine to make the teams, each team consisting of five girls. Of course many teams boast of their winning, but we'll just have to wait and see which one will really be best.

Girls' Sports



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Front Row: Catherine Mierzejewski, Marion Felton, Monica Pytko (Capt.), Marcia Viale, Rita Biron.
Back Row: Carolyn Smith, Nancy Quadrozzi, Teresa Malumphy, Barbara Silver, Ann Meagher.

AT LAST!

Yes, it really happened. The seniors won the volleyball championship. I guess it was just the question of getting settled down. Monica Pytko, who was an outstanding player, proved to be an able captain. The seniors gained their success with the help of "Powerful" Mierzejewski, "Red" Malumphy, Marcia Viale, "Reet" Biron, and, of course, Miss J. I. Morgan.

The Juniors had a very tough time for a change. When the tournament ended, they were ahead by one game. They had to play two more games with the seniors to determine who would get the championship. The last game was really a thriller. The sen-

iors would go ahead two or three points; then the juniors would take the lead. It was really nip and tuck all the way. But as the saying goes, "The best team always wins." The juniors were captained by Judy Meagher. Others who were outstanding were Mary Zofrea, Lib "Wet" Principe, "Bitty" Wagner, Margie Evans, and Barbara Dube.

Last but not least, we come to the pride and joy, the sophs. They played exceptionally well. Even though the seniors won the tournament, the sophs succeeded in defeating them once. By next year the sophs will really have some excellent players. Among this year's stars were Sue Cook, Barb and Tina Fox, and Shirley Borden.

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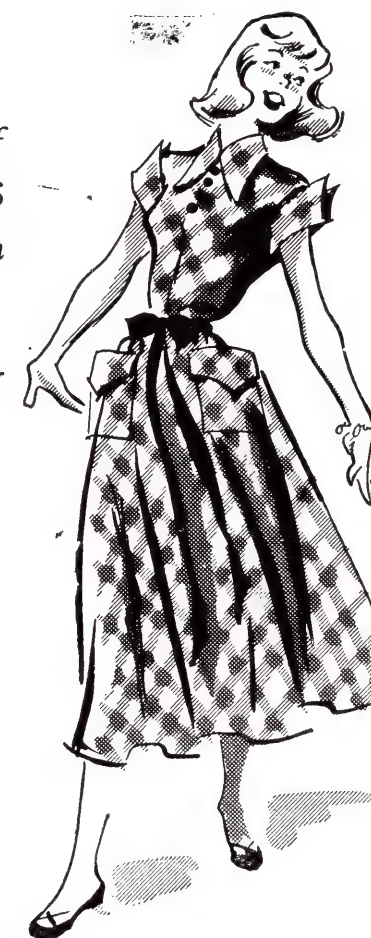
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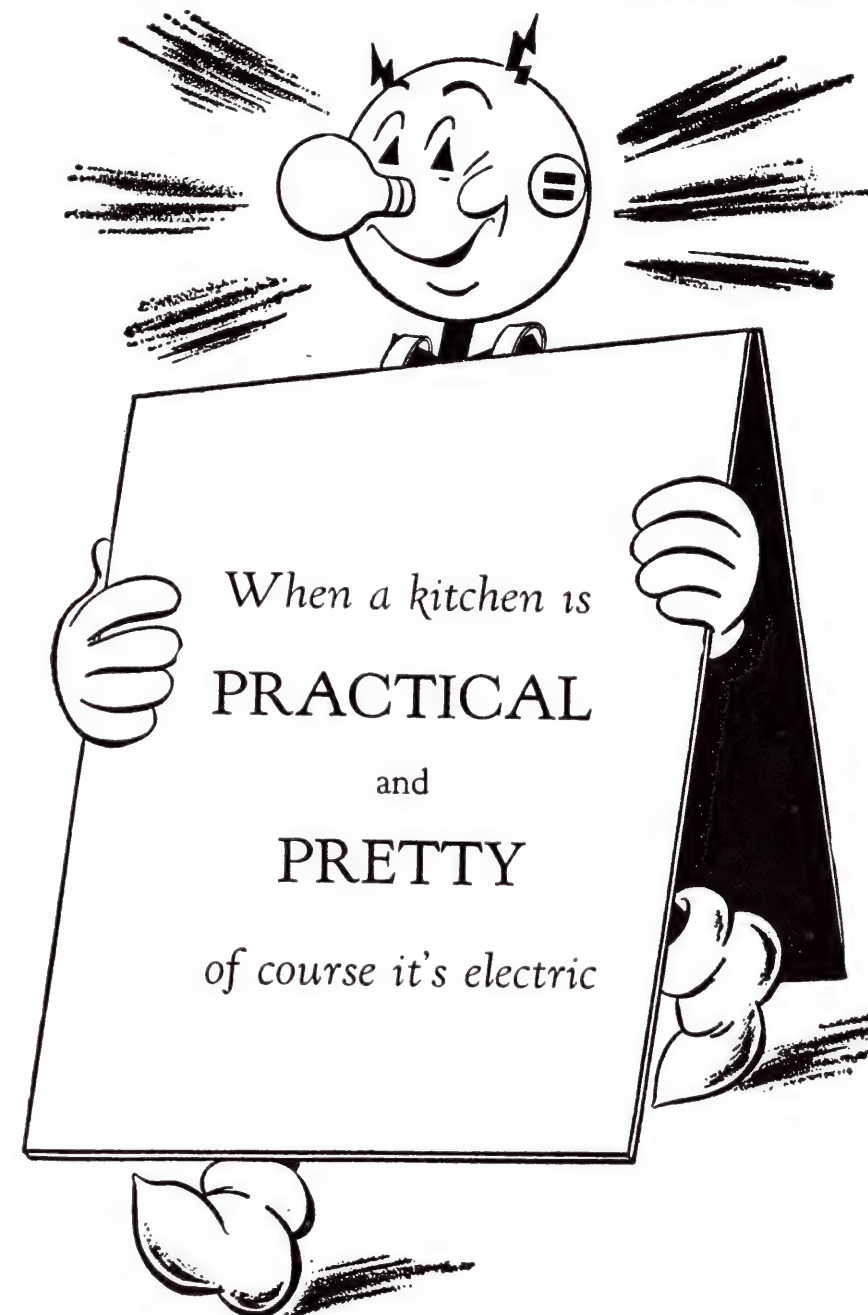
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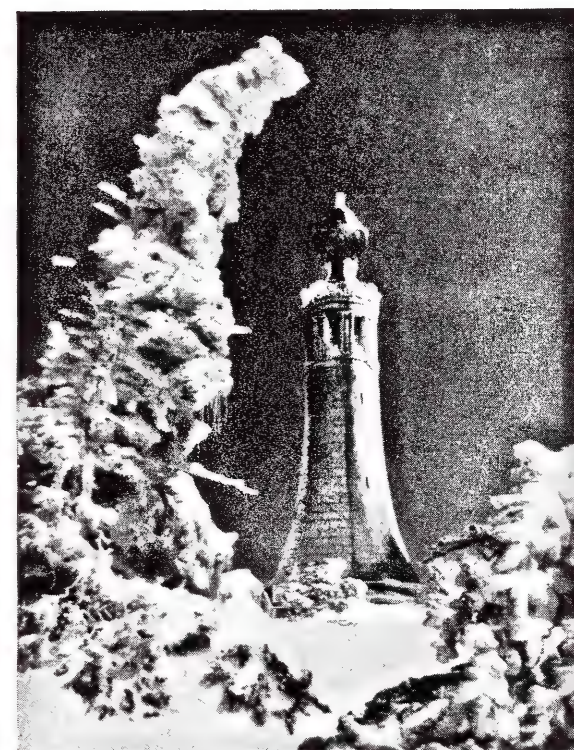
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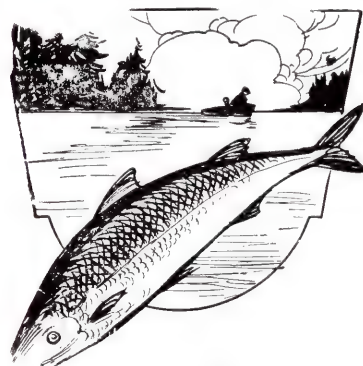
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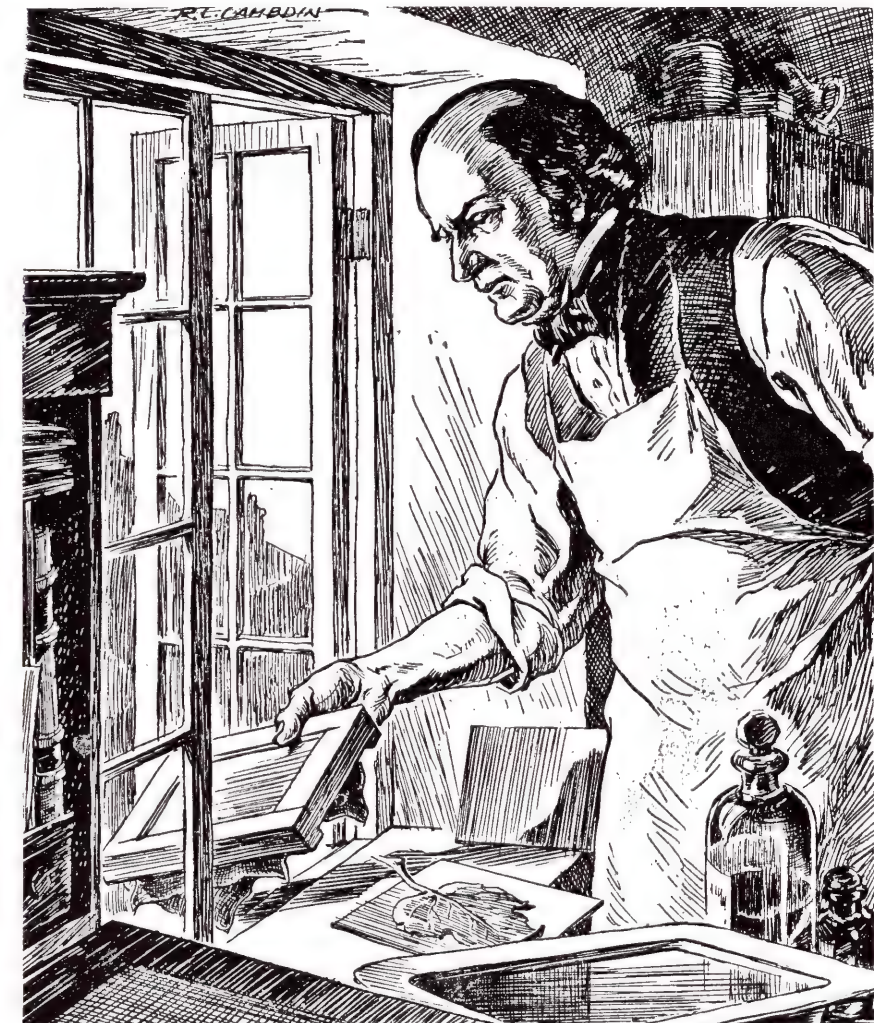
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